

little "pretend" meal, being set out by two very small hosts, how like to those we "assist" at so often! We can almost hear that toy-cart being jerked over the floor. They must have been fond of pets, those children; look at the models of birds, dogs, turtles, which with other toys lie round the tiny vases, and which were once warm with the clasp of baby hands. The jingling rattle, the rag-doll from the Greek colony in the Delta, looking so home-made and worn with use, and generations of terracotta and ivory dolls, most of them with movable arms and legs, are all there, also a wooden horse, and some whistles. Some of these toys have been sadly collected by mother and nurse, and put beside the little one in his grave, lest he should miss his treasures, in the new unknown land to which he had gone. Others have been found in or near temples where the owners had taken them to give them up to the gods they worshipped. The boys when they grew up, the girls when they married.

Listen to the words that have come down to us, used by three young people as they thus dedicated their childish playthings. Philocles, the boy says, "It is Philocles, Oh! Hermes, who consecrates to thee his bounding ball, his musical boxwood rattle, his knucklebones that he loved so much, his rapid top, playthings of his youth." Sappho says, "Oh! Aphrodite, do not despise the purple veils of my dolls. It is I, Sappho, who consecrate to you these precious offerings." Timarete says, "Oh! daughter of Latona stretch out thy hand over the young Timarete, and protect her. She dedicates to thee, Artemis, her drum, her beloved ball, the band that bound her hair, her dolls, and her doll's clothes." How one can enter into their feelings, especially at giving up the knucklebones and dolls' clothes!

There is another point of touch, too, as we realise that the stories told to those children in the land where



“Apollo gilds the long, long summer,” were the same, as those that we love now. The fables of Æsop they learnt by heart (you have his name in the sixth century B.C.?), as well as the tales of the gods and heroes, of the great Zeus, king of gods and men, and his wife Hera, who dwelt in the high, calm, mountain heights of Olympus, above all storm, rain or snow; of the brothers of Zeus, Poseidon, king of the ocean, with his trident, and the dark Hades, lord of the realms of the dead. All these, and many more, that come crowding to your memory—the sorrowing mother seeking her lost daughter; the “jovial” laughter at the wily babe of a day old, who made a lyre and stole cows; the terror of the rash driver of the horses of the sun, “who though he failed, lost not his glory, for his heart was set on great things”; all these were familiar and deeply interesting and real to the little listeners, quieted by the time-honoured opening words, “Once upon a time there was.”

But it was not all play and stories: close by the toys, are the writing tablets, like those we saw amongst the relics of the Romans in Britain, with much the same “styli.” A terra-cotta group shows how the boy’s hand was guided by the teacher (one somehow seems to feel that small hand struggling to be independent!), there is also a fragment of a reading lesson, as old-fashioned as possible, ba, be, bi, bo, bu, etc.; and a multiplication table up to three times ten.

Just beside the table case that holds the small vases, toys, and school books, are the vases that show the boys of twelve to sixteen learning music. The master is teaching the lyre to some very grave, attentive pupils before him. Behind his chair, waiting their turn, the idle boys are playing with a cat! On another vase, there is a singing lesson going on, an exercise being corrected, a master sitting in his chair listening to recitations; chiefly

from the very same poems of Homer, that our boys on the “classical side” learn now.

We have seen, on the Pan-Athenaic vases how the Greek boys trained their bodies in the gymnasium, and the results. Their great object in attempting feat after feat was to be strong, and perfect in bodily size and health, so too in the training of their minds with music, and the study of great poets; it was not for the sake of passing examinations or, to earn a good living, but to try to cultivate right feelings, and to form citizens of noble character.

In the *Third Vase Room* table cases are many kylikes, signed by great masters, you can distinguish their names in Greek letters, Duris, and Hieron, showing young Athens at play; conversing, feasting, and in some cases enjoying the game of “cottabos.” Say the word several times, it is supposed to give the sound made by a successful “hit.” There is a cottabos stand in the *Fourth Vase Room* like a standard for a lamp, with a saucer sort of plate about half-way up the stem. A little figure was fixed on the top, and poised on that was a smaller saucer. The aim of the game, which seems to have needed as much skill as serving “screws” at tennis, was to throw the dregs of wine from the kylix, at the top saucer so that it should fall with a jingle on the one below; cottabos, cottabos.

We can learn a great deal from these entertainment vases; how the guests reclined on couches; how the wine and water was ladled out from the craters; how the boots were hung up on the wall. Look also at the cottabos vases in the *Fourth Room*.

Perhaps you are thinking of the lads’ sisters, the Sapphos and Timaretes? They were not troubled with many lessons, and were kept much at home, as they grew up. On the beautiful knucklebone vase in the *Third Vase*



Room, there is a graceful dance of young girls (are they playing at being breezes, or birds?), and there is a charming picture on a vase close by, of a girl fastening her girdle, while she holds the top of her dress with her teeth. It is easy to understand the "make" of such a dress, by studying the small terra-cotta figures on the shelves of the *Terra-Cotta Room*. Here are hundreds of girls' figures, each more charming than the last; as some one has said, all sisters, but none twins.

To make a "chiton," the under garment, take some butter muslin, wet it, and wring it into a tight twist to dry. Then measure from the top of your head to the feet, and from tip to tip of your outstretched hands; and cut out an oblong piece of the material, your height gives the length, and the width is twice the stretch of your arms and hands; next join it; turn over the top piece (the depth of head and neck), and fasten on the shoulders with three or more buttons; put the arms through the openings each side; tie your girdle like the girl on the vase; and with a long woollen wrap over your head, or round your shoulders or waist, according to taste or weather, you are quite "dressed." As you will see from the figures, men wore much the same as women, though generally, their chiton was short. In the *Second Vase Room* there is an interesting vase picture showing a woman preparing the wool for spinning, another weaving on a hand-loom.

Another favourite subject is that of girls fetching water from the Spring Callirrhoë, to the south of the Acropolis. Notice the water jugs (hydriæ) with three handles, carried so easily on the erect heads—the little pads like those market porters use to-day are interesting—also the stream of water from the lion's mouth, in the well-house, at which the first girl is filling her hydria. You can almost fancy you see the next just going to raise her left hand to bring her hydria down when the

first is ready to move away. The four behind know there is time for a chat. Might one of these girls be in the mind of the potter Charinos, when he inscribed on his jug, close by, "Xenodoke, methinks, is a fair maiden!"

Another picture which gives a glimpse of life about Athens, is the olive-gathering scene: one man is up a tree, and seems to be shaking it, while others, are knocking the fruit down with sticks, and a boy picks it up into a basket.

We see, too, many delightful pictures of ships—on one a lad is just taking a dive into the water, reminding us that swimming was generally taught—some of the merchant ships are moved by sails alone, and the war galleys have banks of rowers, as well as masts for sails. These ships remind us of the colonies of Greece, all round the Mediterranean, and the enterprising Pytheas; they make us think too of the building of the fleet of Athens, and its prowess, and how the "wooden walls" protected the people, carrying them to safety, when fire and sword destroyed both the city and the temples of the gods.

Some of the very best work in the *Third Vase Room* is in a group of delicately painted vases, several colours on a white ground, and amongst them is the cover of a toilet box, bearing a picture of a wedding procession; a torch bearer goes first, then a musician playing on the double-pipes, followed by the bridegroom leading the bride. Sometimes we see the bride being "fetched home" in a carriage, to the sound of festive marriage songs. One almost needs a glass (your botany one will do quite well) to thoroughly enjoy the beautiful faint drawings in these cases. Notice amongst them the men training horses, and the girl plucking an apple. The greater number of the white vases have subjects connected with burial and the tombs, and very serious and beautiful are the attitudes of the mourning figures. One shows the grief over the strong



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youth cut off in his prime; on another a young warrior is being laid in the tomb by Death and Sleep; Charon, the ferry-man of souls over the Styx, is on another; having pushed his boat into the reeds, he is talking to a girl; these vases were made on purpose for offering at tombs, the "lekythi for the dead."

The large paintings of ladies at their toilet, and also those showing offerings at tombs must be well studied (in the *Fourth Room*) they throw so much light on the dress and customs of the time. It is not difficult to make out the baskets to hold work, the fans, the collars, wreaths, fillets, mirrors, and other trifles of the lady of fashion. So much for the Pan-Athenaic Vases, and the illustrations of the daily life of the old Hellenes.

The subjects of the rest of the pictures in this very old art gallery are from their religious beliefs, and from the literature of their country, which they knew so well.

We have seen already that we share, in some small degree, the interest and delight felt by the Hellenes in the stories of their gods and heroes. We now proceed to see the pictures to these stories. Name your favourites; make a list of them; they are all here; it is hard to know where to begin, and harder still to know where to finish, but as you go from case to case you will find some illustration for nearly all. Do not see too many at a time, for like all other picture galleries, it is tiring to the eyes, the head, and the feet!

Shall we start with the Trojan War? You have already marked the supposed site of Troy in your map, and scholars are believing more and more, that there really was such a place, such a siege; but how far the grand old poems are true, where fable ends and history begins, how far back in the dim distance, it all happened—if it did happen—no one knows. Indeed, some doubt if the poems are the work of one man, if blind Homer, wandering from

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place to place, ever existed. It was all true and real enough to the Hellenes!

Perhaps when you were in the *Gold Room*, seeing British, Roman and Saxon jewellery, you noticed the Portland vase, with the beautiful illustrations of the marriage of the silver-footed Thetis, and Peleus. The subject is a favourite one in the vase rooms; generally the transformations by which Thetis tried to get away from Peleus are shown; and the result looks like a group of struggling human beings and weird animals. It was at this marriage, that the uninvited, wicked fairy, threw the apple of discord, "to the fairest," among the guests.

Many vases show the handsome shepherd, Paris, trying to decide which of the three goddesses who laid claim to it, had the best right. In one picture he is fleeing from the difficult task, but in the end he gives it to Aphrodite. In the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, there is a lovely vase painting of the goddesses preparing for the trial. Hera, arranging her veil at a mirror—there are many such amongst the bronzes—Athene, catching in her hands the water flowing from a lion's head in a little fountain house, Aphrodite arranging her veil too, while her son Eros, fastens her bracelet.

It was a fatal gift that the winner bestowed on Paris—that he should have the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife. One of the terra-cotta plaques near the *Gold Room* shows Paris just stepping into the chariot in which he has placed Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. In his absence too! They fled to Troy, where the father of Paris—old Priam—was king. The Greeks were two years preparing for war to avenge their friend's loss. You remember the great names on their side? Achilles, son of Peleus and Thetis, and his friend Patroclus; Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, brother of Menelaus; the gigantic Ajax, Odysseus, and Nestor, the



wise old counsellor. In the *Second Room*, you can see the heroes playing at draughts while waiting for a fair wind, at Aulis, and on another the sacrifice of Iphigenia. The substitution of a hind, at the last moment is shown by the animal's head and fore-legs appearing in a very curious manner. The voyage at last completed, we see many of the incidents of the long siege; long, because the Trojans, Priam, Hector, Æneas, Sarpedon, were all brave, and at critical moments, which might have been decisive, the gods and goddesses interfered to help or hinder.

We must look at Achilles with the maiden Briseus, the cause of so much strife; at Thetis bringing fresh and glorious armour for her son, straight from the forge of Hephæstus; at the brave Hector's body being dragged round the tomb of Patroclus; at Achilles in ambush, while Polyxena is drawing water (Polyxena who was afterwards sacrificed); at Achilles slaying the beautiful Amazon queen. We see, too, Ajax and Hector, Hector and Menelaus, the baby Astyanax in his mother's arms, afraid at the glittering armour of his father, Hector; there are also scenes of the ending of the war, of the death of aged Priam, and his queen, Hecuba and her daughter being led away from sanctuary. Other museums can show you Athene making the great horse, Thetis sitting waiting for her son's armour, and many more most interesting details.

We must pass on to the return of Odysseus to his home after years of wandering and adventure. We find Penelope mourning in his absence on a plaque near that of Helen and Paris, and a vivid illustration of the binding of Polyphemus, and of Odysseus passing out of the cave, beneath the ram on the vases. Delightful, too, is the picture of the ship passing the Sirens, Odysseus bound to the mast, so that he cannot obey their call; the ears of the sailors being stuffed with wax, so that they shall not hear

it, as they splash their oars through the dangerous passage.

You will find illustrations of the birth of Athene, a little doll-like figure, springing from the head of Zeus, with Hephæstus and his axe close by. One can hardly imagine that Pheidias would thus represent the great goddess over the chief entrance to her temple. The exploits of strong Heracles and Theseus are given over and over again. In both cases these heroes had to give up their freedom for a time to serve a taskmaster who set them works of unheard of difficulty. You remember the twelve labours of Heracles? You can find him here struggling with the Nemean lion; with Geryon; holding in Cerberus; but the one which will amuse you the most, is the sight of the cowardly Eurystheus sheltering in a large jar (there is such a jar in the *First Room*) while Heracles is just going to throw the great boar upon him.

The name of Theseus takes us back to Athens; but to illustrate the time before he came to his inheritance there, we see a beautiful picture of him amongst the terra-cotta plaques, lifting the stone to find his father's armour, his mother standing by. Helped by this, we see him fighting the Minotaur (can you fancy you see the black sailed ship, with the weeping youths and maidens?) and performing successfully his other acts of valour.

Perseus and the sad Medusa occur again and again; on one occasion the hero is receiving the gifts of hat and sandals which were such a help in his difficult tasks.

The sorrowing Demeter is shown on many vases—you remember her beautiful statue by the *Ephesus Room*? Often she is sending forth Triptolemus in a winged chariot to bear the knowledge of wheat growing over the world. Sometimes, she is with her loved daughter, and on one occasion is saying farewell, as Hades drives her away



again in his chariot with fiery black horses. Perhaps this was after one of Persephone's yearly visits home?

Here, too, we can try to listen to the sweet strains of Orpheus, as he charms the rocks, the stones, the trees, even the fierce Cerberus, seeking his lost wife, Eurydice. Oh! why did he turn back too soon?

The fickle Jason; the cruel Medea; the silly daughters of poor old Pelias are all here; as well as Pandora receiving a wreath from Athene; fair Europa on the milk-white bull; the wily babe, Hermes, grown up, with the infant Dionysus on his arm.

As you look through the rooms, from case to case, you feel almost overwhelmed with the life and movement, the strength (does it matter whether some is fable?), spread out, as it were, before you.

Just one more picture to finish. There is the moon setting behind a hill; the stars are fading from the sky as the sun rises, pursued by rosy Dawn. As the heat of his rays increases, the pure dew disappears from the earth.

Does this setting of the story of Milton's *Attic-boy*, Kephalos and Prokris carry you, in thought, from the vase in its glass case to the land of clear air, blue skies and seas, and glittering cliffs? Prokris, the dew, was the daughter of Erechtheus, the king of Athens, whose temple we know so well on the Acropolis. Kephalos, the sun, slew her, though he loved her, and when his day was done, he sank sadly into the Western Sea.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

*The Art of the Greeks*, by H. B. Walters; Methuen, 12/-.

*Greek Art*, by H. B. Walters, Methuen, 2/6.

*Tales of the Gods and Heroes*, by Sir Geo. Cox; Kegan, Paul, 4/6.

*Illustrations for School Classics*, by G. F. Hill, M.A.; Macmillan, 6/-.

Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HELLAS AND THE HELLENES.

#### PART III.

#### "A COUNTRY WITHOUT BORDERS."

You remember the stirring sight in the field just beyond the walls of Athens—the outer Ceramicus—of prancing horses being soothed into taking their places, of youths fastening their sandals, of busy marshals getting the procession into order? From hard by this spot come most of the beautiful tombstones which are shown in the *Phigaleian Room*, where we saw the metopes and frieze from the Temple of Apollo, built by one of the architects of the Parthenon.

One can well believe that the workmen who helped Pheidias carry out the noble adornment of that building, would turn to account the taste and skill they had gained under the great master, by doing work such as this for private people, when the State no longer required their services.

"May there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,"

sang our great poet, and this thought seems to have been in the mind of the Hellenes, twenty-five centuries ago. Do you not feel it, as you look at the bent head, the gentle, self-controlled expression of face and figure, the quiet rendering of some everyday act, so frequently seen in these tombstones? There is the mother leaving her baby to the care of the nurse; the beloved lad in his



prime, standing in the doorway, towel over shoulder, strigil in hand, on his way to or from the bath; the lady with her jewel case, is she giving parting gifts? Here is shown no frantic grief, but rather a sorrowful wish to remember the dear ones who had "left the sunshine for the sunless land," as they looked in the old everyday life.

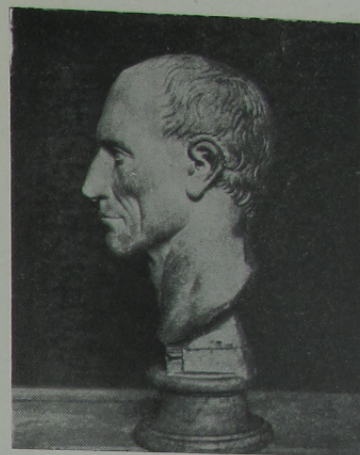
The votive reliefs in this room were chiefly offered to secure success in some race, or to express thanks when victory had been won. The races were those such as we saw painted on the vases, and we hear again the "four-footed trampling" as the chariot hurls by, and are dazzled by the swift torch-bearers as they carry, in relays, the sacred fire from one shrine to another. Could anything be more natural than the poses of the successful "squad" offering their torch to Artemis Bendis? Another of these tablets shows the winner being crowned with a wreath; it is a little mare, with a four-footed friend looking on.

The same good taste and refined art are found in the fifth century work in the *Terra-Cotta Room*, where we have already looked at Greek fashions in clothes. The group of dainty little Tanagra figures, as they are generally called from the place where they were found, show, as we have seen, the people who walked about Athens, who watched the processions, who paid visits, chatted, rested, danced, raced, played with knuckle-bones—try if you can manage the attitude of those two girls—and enjoyed life generally in sunny, clear-skyed Athens. Small studies of the hats, tambourines, fans, lyres, associated with the different figures, would look well in the fifth and fourth century pages of the note-book.

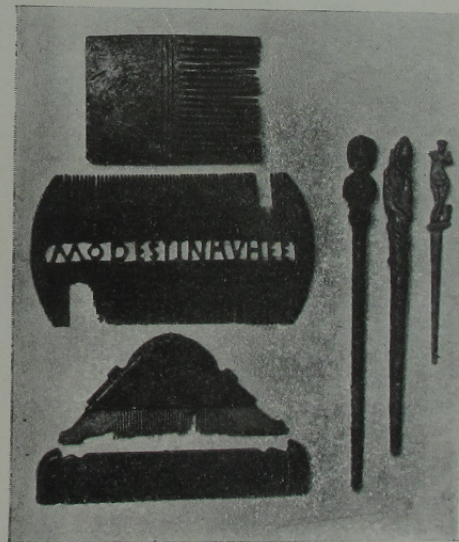
The earliest baked-clay figures in this room are amusingly like nursery efforts, especially in the case of the seated ladies. We saw some like them in the *First*



Hadrian in Armour—page 23.



Julius Cæsar—page 21.



Ivory Combs and Hairpins. Roman—page 28.



Ancient Kitchen Utensils. Roman.

Photos by

W. A. Mansell & Co.



*Vase Room.* Even amongst quite old specimens we recognize in the subjects, acquaintances such as Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa; Bellerophon on Pegasus; Thetis seized by Peleus; Helle crossing the sea on the ram. One of the most interesting, among many of the subjects on the terra-cotta lamps, is Diogenes in his "tub," a large jar, such as we saw in the *First Vase Room*, and again in the picture showing Eurystheus "receiving" the boar from Heracles.

Now before going further in our search for treasure in the "realms of gold," we will consider the meaning of the words "Etruscan" and "Græco-Roman," found in the guide-book, and in the rooms of the Museum, and referring to classes of objects more or less like the Greek in style. If you look at the name of the place whence came the sarcophagus in the *Terra-Cotta Room*, with the effigy of the good-natured, prosperous looking lady, Seianti, reclining on her elbow, as she admires her jewellery in her mirror, you will see it is Chiusi, or Clusium. Yes, you have it!

"Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome."

Read the lay of Horatius again with your map, and you will see the position of Etruria, whence come things Etruscan. It was a powerful and rich country before Rome had risen to greatness, and many are the remains now brought to light, hidden for centuries, of temples and great tombs, adorned with paintings and reliefs, besides many treasures of statues, bronzes and gold ornaments. You can compare them with the Greek ones, for in most cases they are side by side in the Museum, remembering that much of the best work in bronzes and vases is believed to have been imported from Greece. For long,



long years, little or nothing was known of the old Etruscans; their literature has perished, a key to their language is still wanting; yet, to-day, in their wonderful tombs in Italy—there are models of some in the *Græco-Roman Basement*—the little protecting genii still hang on the walls from the very same wires that were used in the far away prosperous past.

Perhaps a few entries in the note-book will help to make things clear. In the eleventh century B.C., write, "The Foundation of Etruria." About the middle of the eighth century write, "The Foundation of Rome." In the beginning of the fifth century comes, "The sea power of Etruria broken"; and in the beginning of the third century, "Etruria made subject to Rome." Lastly, in the middle of the second century, write the words "Græco-Roman"; they will serve to remind you that it was then, that the Hellenes, called by the Romans Græci, in their turn, also passed under Roman rule.

The order in which the two words are placed is significant; the conquered first. You know the stories of the triumphs of successful generals? How long processions of captives in chains, of wild beasts from hot countries, of treasures of gold and silver from the East, wound through the streets of Rome, and past the "bellowing Forum," adding excitement and pride to the joy of victory, like fuel to fire. When the Romans conquered Hellas and her colonies, the spoil that passed and passed and passed, was the silent grand forms, "In the stone that breathes and struggles, the brass (bronze) that seems to speak." Can you see the two scenes in your mind's eye? The sadness of those who loved the treasures as they saw them dismounted and taken away from their familiar places in the cities, in the temples and shrines of the gods, and the tumultuous rejoicing with which

they were received and borne along in the streets of Rome.

Now, before the time of the conquest, Rome had begun to admire and copy Greek taste, and study the Greek language and literature; when this flood of wealth, captured statues and other works of art, poured into the country, its influence was enormous. Romans went to study in Athens; Greek workmen crossed over to Rome; and always for years and years went on a steady rifling of the old sites for the treasures they contained, for setting up in Rome or Constantinople, and other great cities. This Greek conquest over Roman minds makes the saying true, "Captive Greece led captive her proud conqueror." It is also true, that when Greece died (to rise again) as a nation, it was at that moment of sad despoiling, that her influence spread all over the known world, carried by Roman arms, as province after province fell before them. From that time "Greece practically became a country without borders."

As we wander through the galleries containing statuary in the British Museum, many sad thoughts crowd into our minds; to begin with, of all that enormous wealth of beautiful work, of the fifth and fourth centuries (the result of over a thousand years' growth), very little has survived those dark ages that followed the fall of the Roman Empire. Barbarians of every nationality, who saw no beauty in them, broke them down, melted the marble into lime, the bronze to recast into weapons. What is left, we owe chiefly to the protecting care of Mother Earth, who, helped by Father Time, has kept them safely hidden till men were ready and able to prize all they could find and study of the precious fragments of the best work, as well as the Roman copies of the old Greek masterpieces, when these were hopelessly lost.



Let us look again at some of our chiefest treasures— at Theseus on the Parthenon pediment; at Mausolus and Artemisia in their chariot; at the gentle sorrowing mother, Demeter; at the Nereids, scudding like foam on the curling waves; at the lion-headed Alexander. When our time comes to visit other museums, perhaps even some of the old sites, we shall find others to store beside them, in our minds, that we now know only by pictures and casts, such as the Hermes carrying the baby Dionysus to his nurses, and the Victory binding her sandal.

Many of the sculptures bear the labels on their plinths, giving particulars of where they were found, and what parts of them are restored. Amongst many of great interest are the cast of the bronze charioteer, with the garment of beautiful straight folds; the disc-thrower, also from a bronze statue; the little Cupid riding on a dolphin; the youth binding a fillet round his head. As we read the Roman names given to the Greek ideals, we realise how many words we get from them. Juno for Hera, gives us June; Ceres for Demeter, cereal; Vulcan for Hephaistos, vulcanite; besides many more. We linger by the Beautiful Dreamer; by Niobe and her children; by Homer, with Zeus, the nine Muses and Apollo; with Dionysus visiting at a Greek house, with delightful details of wreathing the walls, and of the success in a chariot race, and of the probable calling of the host. It is interesting to compare the Græco-Roman basket-bearing girl, with her more natural and easy sister in the *Elgin Room*, from the south porch of the Erechtheum.

We have already studied the Roman portraits, and little by little have become familiar both with their names and faces, as time after time we pass through the gallery, and admire the skill and truth of this branch of Roman

sculpture; we shall have opportunities of testing our memory when we find the portraits on a smaller scale upstairs, on the gems and coins.

It is difficult to express the pleasure, the entire satisfaction, that one feels in looking at the best amongst the beautiful coins and gems. You must have a good magnifying glass, and go very slowly, doing only a few at a time. Shall we find the gems first, so enticingly set out in the *Gold Room*? The subjects seem to recall what we have seen in the sculpture and vases of the best period, and how delicate and clear is the work! Here are Zeus, Athene, Medusa, Heracles; Achilles mourning his friend Patroclus; the priest of Laocoon and his sons in the toils of the serpent; also illustrations of daily life, one pretty girl reading from a scroll; another seated on a rock, writing, reminds us of the Tanagra figures. We find an athlete twisting on his boxing "glove," as we saw on the vases, another tying his sandal, a youth playing on a lyre. Then the interesting animals! a horse falling; a mule rolling on his back; goats prancing (very "capricious"), a camel, an ape, a grasshopper and fly, a wild goose flying, and many more full of delight and charm.

This art of engraving on gems, chiefly to be used as seals, dates back to those very old times, of which we have seen relics from Cnossus and Mycenæ, perhaps two thousand to sixteen hundred years B.C. Turn back to these centuries in your note-book, and copy one of the three slim-waisted ladies in elaborately flounced skirts, which look as if they were "divided" ones! These seals were found at Mycenæ in Argolis; a place which has given its name, as you will have noticed, to a class of specimens belonging to these far-off times, found in many islands of the Eastern Mediterranean.



Amongst the cameos (the design being carved in relief, instead of "cut in" like the gems), you will find many Romans you know by sight; Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Nero, Severus and Caracalla, Hadrian, and many others. To find more we must turn to the *Coin Room* where are shown a series of Roman coins (electrotyped), the dates of which stretch over a period of about eighteen hundred years. Looking at this £ s. d. so spread over the world, and with which so much was effected—was it paying the soldiers, settling colonies, building great temples, palaces, baths—we see besides the portraits and figures of the gods and goddesses we already know, "the Great Twin Brethren, who fought so well for Rome"; Janus, the god of beginnings, hence the name of our first month in the year; Vesta, the goddess of the fire on the hearth, whose service was kept up by the Vestal Virgins. Even more interesting than these, are the coins that illustrate facts in history, or the manners and customs of the time: such as the priest tracing the walls of a city; the making of a treaty; the German Campaigns of Drusus; Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul, and scores of others.

In cases just beside the *Coin Room* door are the electrotype copies of the wonderfully beautiful Greek coins, which have been well-called the grammar of Greek art. They are, like the gems, untouched, unrestored, just as the artist hand finished them, and show the local style of art at different times during six hundred years. From them we can learn much that would be otherwise quite hidden from us.

Besides this, look at the names of places whence they come; some you know well, such as Athens, Sparta, Corinth, but some bear names never heard of till the coin was found. But besides geography, think too of the history we can learn from the portraits on the later ones; amongst many less well-known ones we find

Alexander, his generals, and Cleopatra, one of hers closely resembling the bust that we saw in the *Hall of Inscriptions*. The calm, powerful face of Mausolus too, almost startles us, so like is it to that of his grand statue. These coins moreover often show us copies of some lost sculpture, and help us to put together fragments that have come down to us. We can only mention a few: the fine coins of Athene and her owl of wisdom; the slits across some of the large ones recall the Persians' trial to test the quality of the metal. We find, too, Zeus, seated on his chair, perhaps as Pheidias presented him in his great gold and ivory statue; Pan, with his pipes beside him, "Piercing sweet by the river"; Pegasus, with wings and golden bridle, whose kick was able to stop Mount Helicon as it rose heavenward with delight at the sweet song of the daughters of Pierus.

But we must look amongst the earlier coins to find the "Archaic grin" which amused you on the very old busts, and also those from Cnossus in Crete, showing the labyrinth—like a very large Hampton Court Maze—long believed to be the haunt of the monster who devoured the tribute of young men and maidens. Late discoveries show that King Minos' huge palace itself was the labyrinth; full of frescoes, and great jars, treasure chambers, and thrones (you remember the cast of one in the *Archaic Room*), this Palace of the axe—the religious symbol of a double axe being found on the walls—is intricate and vast indeed, and most necessary it must have been to have a guide, such as Ariadne and her clue of thread, to find one's way out.

There are many wonderful articles of jewellery in the *Gold Room* from these very distant times, that adorned the fashionable ladies of the "divided" skirts, from Rhodes, Crete and Cyprus, all belonging to the old Mycenæan period. Some fine ornaments of the seventh



and sixth centuries bring us on to the cases of the finest specimens of Greek jewellers' art. Here your glass will show you wonders of fine work in threads of gold, in braids and chains and fringes of gold, in tiny devices of winged Victories, doves, animals, all most delicate and beautiful. You could sketch some in the fifth to the third centuries.

The Etruscan ornaments are close by, and you will notice the use of tiny globules of gold instead of threads. The later taste was for large showy necklaces and earrings, which remind one of Seianti; some of the finer wreaths of gold leaves must have looked lovely, especially against dark hair.

The moulds in which many of the ornaments were made are shown, as well as bars of gold, in shape like sticks of liquorice, which belong to Roman times, as does the jewellery, which is of more common-place design, and is often set with precious stones and pearls.

Some of the finger rings are very interesting, especially the Greek one engraved with Odysseus beneath the ram, escaping from the blinded monster; a Victory driving a four-horse chariot. Another has Cupids at play in a boat—take off the wings, and the picture is one you may see on any shore, in any age—notice, too, a youth fishing, a parrot on a branch.

We must give a passing glance to the silver plate of the sumptuous Romans, and a very interesting figure wearing a crown like the walls of a city. The figures of deities above her head, represent the days of the week and remind one of the *entente cordiale*. Do you see why? Read them; Saturn, the Sun, the Moon; Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus. English names from the first three, French ones from the last four. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Mardi, Mercredi, Jeudi, Vendredi. The three silver gilt votive tablets to Jupiter carry us back to the

temples, and the mob that roared for hours for fear their trade should be taken from them, and remind us that the gods and goddesses were not only honoured by marble statues and reliefs, but by a great wealth of metal ones of every kind, chiefly bronze. So we now wend our way to the *Bronze Room* close by, to see the examples the Museum possesses of those that have escaped the melting pot. When the dark days came, and the treasures that had been taken from Greek temples were scattered and neglected, only those escaped destruction that were buried and out of sight of the destroyers.

So, looking round this room, we find but few traces of the wonderful large statues in bronze so admired by Pausanias and other ancient travellers and writers. You remember the great bronze figure of Athene on the Acropolis; the bronze group of the two liberators of Athens from the Tyrant; the famous wounded Amazon in bronze that won a first prize? All have perished. Amongst those which show us what has been, we have the figure of Apollo with inlaid eyes; the fine large head of a goddess, broken off from a great statue, the beautiful winged head of Sleep, also a splendid fragment of a leg from a colossal male figure. The boy playing Morra is an interesting link with the Italy of to-day; the game of guessing the number of fingers held up by two players at the same time was played by the Roman soldiers who conquered the world, as well as by the street boys of Italy now.

There are numbers of small statues, chiefly of gods, from Zeus to Cupid, and of animals; some very fine, many of them Roman, and echoes of greater works now lost.

The bronze reliefs are very beautiful, especially those beaten out from the back—repoussé. Look very carefully at the fragments from the shoulders of a cuirass, found in the River Siris, the figures, a Greek and an



Amazon are very wonderful, so too are many of the reliefs on the backs or cases of mirrors. On one of these mirrors is an amusing picture, incised on the metal, of graceful Aphrodite playing at the game of five-stones, with a grotesque Pan with goat legs. He holds up a finger to the Beauty ("half a beast was the great god Pan"), as much as to say "Play fair."

A great many of the bronzes are now arranged in the cases so helpfully set out and classified in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*, and in the *Italic Room*.

We have already looked at the table-case of toys and games, but gladly linger amongst the babies and school children and share in their games and pleasures. We read of a happy boy who gained as a writing prize, eighty beautiful knucklebones, such as these near the dolls, and what treasures those fine glass striped marbles must have been! Besides the writing materials, are the painters' palettes and colours, and the remains of a portrait in an "Oxford" frame. The scraps of painting—one can easily understand how these would perish in the course of years—remind us of the pictures painted on the walls of the cities, buried under the dust and ashes of Vesuvius; a good many are shown close by, and in the *Gold Room*, their colours being still fresh and bright, and the subjects very familiar.

In the case illustrating Industrial Arts we have a picture of the forge of Hephæstus, the worker in metal. You remember the charming story of the devoted mother, Thetis, hastening to this forge to obtain a new set of glittering armour for her great son Achilles, to replace that lost on the body of his friend? On one of the Etruscan bronzes—was it brought over from Greece?—there is the picture of a Nereid, crossing the sea on a sea-horse, carrying the helmet of Achilles. Bellerophon leading Pegasus with a halter—fancy a winged horse

submitting to a halter!—is on another, also the sacrifice of Trojan captives at the funeral pyre of Patroclus.

Another ancient art is finely shown by the picture of the potter at his wheel, by the tools, and the moulds used; also by a model of the kiln used to fire the objects when ready. The heap of spoiled, over-baked lamps must have been a disappointment to the man who made them. The specimens of fretwork and delicate products of the lathe, in marble as well as in softer materials are particularly interesting; so too are the illustrations of spinning and weaving in the case of the Domestic Arts. Note the shuttle, the spindles and whorls, the clay loom weights, the pictures of the industrious girls, one spinning as she walks along, the other with a hand-loom on her knee. Here, too, are specimens of the woven material, as well as netting needles; pins of every description, starting with a thorn; a thimble, pair of scissors, needle-case full of needles, all complete.

The case of Toilet Articles carries us back to the fine ladies we saw on the latest vases, and their care for their complexions, hair and ears! Those mirrors are dull now; what radiant faces have once smiled from them, pleased with their fine jewels, and wreaths, and becoming attire! The footwear of the ancients always puts to shame the spine-injuring, muscle-weakening high heels seen daily in our streets, and there are some fine specimens here in which one could enjoy dancing or running. The safety-pin brooches, some ornamented with a little animal or figure (here is one with a very tame Centaur), also the hook and eye fastening, and the cork soles, all reminds us of the fact that there is little new under the sun.

The case illustrating acting shows the masks worn to give the required expression of sadness or laughter, and here, too, are inscriptions on metal telling of old treaties;



the Athenian jurymen's tickets, with their names and home written on them, and a very pathetic medal belonging to a slave. Imagine having to wear round one's neck such words as these, "Hold me, lest I escape, and take me back to my master Viventius on the estate of Callistus." Was death the only captor who would not take him back to his master?

One wonders if the hoard of tiny copper coins, so like German pfennige, found in the terra-cotta jug, were the savings of some very poor man; and those Athenian silver coins, and those corroded ones from Pompeii, how were they earned, how spent?

Weapons seem much the same all the ancient world over, but here we have besides spears and daggers, relics from the Field of Fennel—Marathon—that heroic day on which hung the fate, not only of Greece, but of Europe.

We must turn now to the cases round the walls. We have already looked at the Etruscan corner, and thought over the strangeness of these things being buried and lost to sight for some twenty centuries.

Will you sketch beside the fateful words, "Sea power of Etruria broken," early in the fifth century, the helmet that fell from an Etruscan soldier's head at the battle near Naples, and was taken as booty and dedicated to Zeus at Olympia?

Passing the cases of armour, we come to the objects illustrating the public games; the view on the top of a lamp of the circus while a chariot race is going on; the disc for throwing, like the one in the hand of the Discobolus statue; the pair of jumping weights, halteres, held in the hands and swung up high, as we saw on the vases, to give an impetus.

The series of models of wheels, animals, hands, legs, ears, plaits of hair, deposited in the temples of the gods,

in prayer, or in thanksgiving, remind us of the votive tablets in the *Phigaleian Room*. Clothes and toilet articles were also much dedicated in this way—you remember the dolls' clothes of Sappho and Timarete?—and here we have lists of various articles, amongst them is "a little tunic, with a washed out purple border."

A list of the treasures in the Parthenon—you remember the treasure chamber in the model?—at the beginning of the fourth century, includes two specially interesting things; one is "a gilded Persian sword." How the heart of an Athenian, who had heard the story from his grandfather, would throb at the sight of that sword, and the thought of the Persian hosts, the ruined and burnt city, the escape of the country, the enthusiasm of restoring and beautifying the sacred Acropolis.

The other treasure was some of the "golden olive petals" from the wreath of the Victory that stood, six feet high, on the hand of Pheidias' great gold and ivory statue of Athene the Virgin.

We must pass on to the wall-case showing Methods of Burial and see the tablet of the dog, with "speaking ways," and the urn holding human ashes, near which you can see the tiny coin found amongst them, still adhering to the jaw-bone. This was the fee for the ferryman Charon, for the passage across the Styx, placed in readiness between the lips of the dead. From grave to gay, we pass next to hear the sounds of the lyres and pipes, and the clap of the dancing girls' castanets on the "educational" vases we have already enjoyed.

The illustrations and models of shipping in old days set one dreaming of the blue tideless Mediterranean, and the journeys for pleasure or profit on the "great highway of nations." The more we look at the remains from the countries round its shores, the more we realise how much their inhabitants must have travelled about, and



traded together. The specimens of Roman building materials, such bright marbles and alabaster, help us to "see" the great city in its glory; below them is the slab with the print of a dog's paws; he had run over it, so dog-like! before it was dry, and here are the marks for all time.

The scales and weights, both Greek and Roman, are a study in themselves, and so is the water apparatus, which made the baths of Rome so perfect. Here we see many strigils and other bath necessities.

The kitchen department contains not only every variety of ladle and implement, including an egg whisk, pepper castor, egg spoons with pointed ends to get the snails out of their shells, and moulds for stamping cakes, but also a basin of eggs from Rhodes, charred nuts and corn from Pompeii. We can finish "furnishing" with the lamps, the bronze ornaments for seats and couches, the candelabra, amongst which is the Cottabos stand, the brazier with tongs and fuel for a chilly day.

Now, as you sketch the things that interest you most in the centuries to which they belong, try to live in the brave days of old, make friends with your hosts—the babies and their mothers; the school children and the pedagogues who taught them manners; the brave soldiers; the artists, writers, leaders of men; all represented in these galleries. Then, how you will enjoy, when the time comes, the study of Greek history and art, the visits to foreign museums, the pilgrimages to Marathon, Athens, Rome.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

*Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, British Museum, 1/-.  
Dean Church's *Classical Stories*.

## CHAPTER VII.

### EGYPT.

#### PART I.

"The Egypt to which the Hellenes come in ships is . . . a gift of the River."

WE have already seen much in the Museum that has brought vividly before our eyes, the fluttering of sails and the glancing of oars, on the broad bosom of the Great Sea.

We have made acquaintance with the Greek traveller Pytheas, in his distant home at Massilia; we have seen vases won in games at great festivals in the mother-country, carried to the victors' homes in North Africa, to be found there, centuries later, in their graves. Those beautiful coins from Sicily and South Italy (called Great Hellas) have shown us how important and rich were their owners, living in the colonies across the Ionian Sea; while fragments of fine temples and tombs, from Asia Minor and the islands of the Aegean, have helped us to feel that the art and power of the Hellenes were their splendid birthright, which found expression in works of beauty wherever they settled.

This chain of Greek-speaking seafarers, traders, artists, all round the shores of the Mediterranean was made complete, so to speak, in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., when enlightened rulers of Egypt threw open to Greek merchants, ports which had hitherto been closed to foreigners. The new-comers flourished, and



many and interesting are the remains that have been dug up from the Greek towns in Egypt.

If you fill your brush with green paint and make a triangular shaped lotus flower near the top of the page, extending the point at the apex into a long bent stalk, finishing off with a bud on the left side, a little below the flower, you have a rough sketch of the river Nile. The flower is the Delta, to which "the Hellenes came in ships"—you remember the ships on the vases? The stalk is the course of the river, with the country watered by it on each side; the bud is the district called the Fayoum. Your sketch, too, with the position of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea shown on the north and east, gives an idea, not only of the Nile, but of Egypt, the real habitable Egypt, as well, for though you may see straight boundary lines on the map, marking out the confines of the country, it is nearly all desert beyond the influence of the river. For countless years the great giant has silently been at work, bringing down fertile mud from the highlands through which he passes. It will interest you to trace the mighty river up to one of its sources in Abyssinia, and then journey on to the huge parent lakes in the heart of Africa. Can you imagine a river twenty times as long as the Thames, and in parts many times wider than our river is at London Bridge? Where the course is rocky and steep, there are rushing cataracts, but from the point where the Nile enters Egypt, it flows on steadily to the sea, making the great natural highway of the country.

Measure the Delta by the scale on your map, and you will find it is about ninety miles in the widest part, and that the point of the triangle, near Cairo, is about ninety miles from the sea, also that the length of the Nile from here to the boundary of Egypt at the first Cataract is about as far as from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

You will have noticed in harbours, or when passing under bridges on the Thames, figures to show the daily rise of the tides; now at Cairo, and other places in Egypt, there is a Nile measurer, not to show tides, for there are none, but to show the rise of the inundation. Year by year, the great giant rises out of his usual bed, quite untucked, and spreads the rich mud he has carried from afar, over the low-lying country around, watering and fertilising it in a truly wonderful manner. You know already how fertile Egypt was in old times, for did not neighbours such as Abraham, about the twenty-fourth century, and Joseph's brothers, about the seventeenth century, come to Egypt seeking food when it was scarce in their own land?

There was terrible distress in the country of the Nile if it rose too high and drowned the farms and villages, or if it began to sink before the life-giving waters had spread far enough.

We English know that we owe, in large measures, the greatness of London to Father Thames; the Germans feel a personal love for Father Rhine; for the mysterious Nile, the Egyptians of old felt so much reverence and awe that they worshipped it as a God, under the name of Hapi, "the Hidden," for they knew not whence it came, nor why the stream rose and fell; nor why it was now red, now green. They addressed many beautiful hymns to the "Hidden" one.

"Hail to thee, O Nile!  
Thou showest thyself in this land,  
Coming in peace, giving life to Egypt,  
Shine forth in glory, O Nile!"

Now, in the fifth century B.C., already so full in your note-book, there came a traveller to Egypt, who also kept a very careful and full note-book, from which he afterwards wrote a history. His name was Herodotus;



he was a Greek, born at Halicarnassus in Asia Minor—that name is already familiar to you. Do you remember the picture in the *Mausoleum Room*, showing the restoration of the tomb that was once one of the wonders of the world? Do you remember the blue sky and sea, the golden fields, brilliant flowers and sunshine of Halicarnassus, where stood Mausolus for many centuries, in his chariot on high, his thoughtful, earnest gaze penetrating the dim distance?

More than a hundred years before Mausolus and his queen Artemisia lived and died, and left their mark on the world of the fourth century B.C., the boy Herodotus played about in those golden fields, under that blue sky and sunshine, but chiefly, one would believe, about the rocky harbour of Halicarnassus, eagerly watching the ships, and listening to the talk of the sailors and merchants, and of soldiers home from the war, till his heart burned within him to study, and travel, and write about the stirring times in which he lived. Look at your fifth-century page; six years before the “Father of History” was born, the battle of Marathon was fought; so he was four when the struggle between the Persians and Greeks was continued at Thermopylæ and Salamis. As you write “Herodotus” beside these thrilling names, and as you “think” over the map of the then known world, try to feel in your heart the spirit of those times, the wave of relief as the huge Persian armies straggled back to the lands in Asia whence they had come, and try too to understand the energy, the patriotism, the pride, that nerved the dwellers on the shores of the sea of many islands, to make good what the hated enemies had burnt and destroyed. You can then realise a little the thoughts passing through the mind of Herodotus as he travelled from Babylon to South Italy, from the Black Sea to the First Cataract of the Nile. Especially can you feel with

him on his second visit to Athens, when passing through the colonnade of the new Gate Temple, he saw the dazzling fresh beauty of the Parthenon before him. Share, too, his delighted interest as he gazed from the Acropolis, “placing” mentally all he had gathered about Salamis, and the other battles that had saved not only his country, but Europe beyond.

Perhaps you are wondering why he went to Egypt at all, when the object of his book was to give the true history of the struggle between Europe and Asia. Now the “First Artist in Prose”—this is another of his pleasant names—liked, above all things, to begin at the beginning, so he traces the steps by which the Persians became so numerous and powerful, and as one of these steps was their invasion and conquest of Egypt some years before the attempt on Greece, a description of that country had to come into his scheme.

Herodotus was filled with wonder as he travelled by the Nile, and found much to say about its size, its mouths, its floods, its sources, as well as about the people who lived on its banks.

When he saw the valley from Cairo to the First Cataract lying under water, and the Delta like a great lake with towns and villages studding its surface like islands, the Greek traveller was reminded of the “Islands of the Aegean.” It was he who called the Delta the gift of the Nile; we can go further, now so much more is known about the soil of Egypt, and the sources and course of the Nile, and say that practically the whole inhabitable country lies in its gift.

How the wonderful and sharp contrasts in Egypt must have struck the observant traveller! The flowing, wide river, with its border, now narrow, now wider, of fertile fields, teeming with busy life and labour, shut in on each side by the silent, lifeless, rocky desert! How he must



have enjoyed the glorious colours of the sun rising and setting, the triumphant unclouded passage of the "Giver of Life," day by day, across the smiling valley! Small wonder that the sun was another Egyptian god. We shall meet with him constantly under the name Ra.

As we slowly pass along the ground floor galleries, we realise how much Herodotus had to see and admire, and take notes about, besides the beauties of nature. Look at the stand of photographs. Those pyramids which he passed on leaving the Delta, had stood there, in their plain grandeur and gigantic size, for more than thirty centuries. You must turn the leaves of your note-book back to the thirty-seventh century, to sketch the outlines of the pyramids; some have been built later, but that is generally considered the great century of pyramid building. How can we realise the size of these monster tombs? The base of one of the largest covers about the same ground as Lincoln's Inn Fields; it is over a hundred feet higher than St. Paul's. Think of the thousands of men, toiling in the sun, year after year, to build such enormous structures for the honour and glory of the reigning Pharaoh, and to hold his body when life had left it. There are a few stones from the pyramids in the Museum, in the *Northern Egyptian Vestibule*. The eyes of Abraham, Joseph, Herodotus, Alexander, have all rested on the pyramids! Again many of these massive stone statues and columns from temples and tombs were standing in the time of Herodotus, as well as the obelisk we know so well on the Embankment. We call it Cleopatra's Needle, but you must sketch it in the seventeenth century, below Stonehenge, and look at the great granite face of Thothmes III., smiling down the gallery, if you would see the Pharaoh who set it up; the famous Cleopatra lived many centuries later.

We have caught a few gleams of light as we have looked backwards through the unknown centuries, just enough to show dimly what we hope to see more plainly later on; we have learned that people have lived for thousands of years by the great wonder-working Nile, as it mirrored, day by day, the blazing sun overhead, and we have seen a few of the works made by the hands of the toilers.

Let us now, starting from the times of Herodotus, look at the relics of the time when ancient Egyptian history was nearing its end. Our English history is not yet two thousand years old, and we have many different families of kings, many wars, to learn about, much change and growth to interest us.

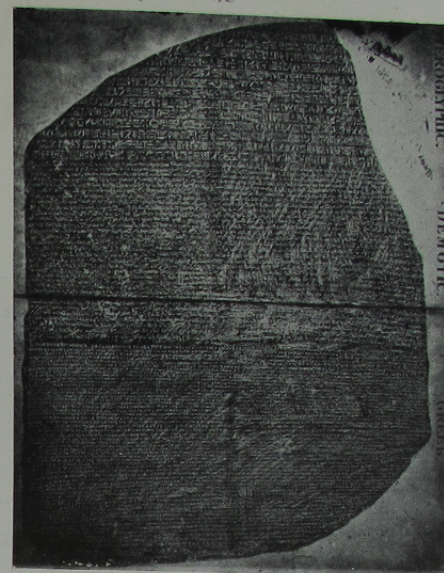
Egyptian history was at least twice as old as ours is now, when Herodotus travelled on the busy Nile note-book in hand, in the fifth century, B.C., and many families or dynasties of rulers had conquered, held their own for a time, and passed away; many changes of all kinds had come and gone.

The Pharaoh who employed Greek soldiers and allowed Greek traders to settle in the Delta lived in the middle of the seventh century, B.C., and belonged to the twenty-sixth dynasty; another king of this dynasty, a hundred years later, also favoured the Greeks, and in his reign Naucratis became a great city. Then came a dynasty of Persians in the fifth century; then some native kings of the thirtieth and last Egyptian dynasty. One of these, Nekt-heru-hebt, was buried in the great stone tomb in the south *Egyptian Gallery*; you will notice that it is sculptured inside and out with writing and pictures referring to the passing of the sun through the hours of the day and night. Can you find the sun god in the boat in which he travelled from his setting to his rising? See, behind this, the beautifully-cut black slab with the figure of the last king of this dynasty. After him the Persians



again ruled in Egypt for a few years, till they in their turn were set aside by Alexander the Great. You know his brilliant story well; his control of the spirited horse, of his army, of the fierce nations in his path of conquest, in short, his control of everything outside the kingdom of his own self: as you look again at his portrait in the *Ephesus Room*, and on the coins, think especially of his connection with Egypt. You will recall his romantic journey across the desert, to sacrifice to his "ancestor," the god, Jupiter Ammon; and to this day the second city in Egypt is called after his name, Alexandria. He planned it, and founded it, and for many centuries after his death it continued to grow in importance and learning. For the race of kings who succeeded Alexander, the Ptolemies (thirteen of them, the first of the name being one of Alexander's generals), favoured the city of the great founder of their fortunes. One started the immense library and the museum, or rather, university, and encouraged learned Greeks to settle there. Another Ptolemy built the tall lighthouse, also one of the wonders of the ancient world; then there was the great causeway that divided the harbour into two parts, and the remarkable buildings which held statues and other works of art, also the bodies of Alexander and his successors.

The Ptolemies were famous builders and restorers, as may be seen in the stands of photographs in the *Egyptian Gallery*. Notice particularly the Temple of Edfu, its splendid towers and gateways, and further still up the Nile, near the First Cataract, on the island of Philæ, the temple called Pharaoh's Bed, and the Temple of Isis. A few years ago a huge dam was made six miles below Philæ, in order to regulate the flow of the water; this has caused Philæ at certain seasons to be flooded, and probably this work of the Ptolemies may be destroyed. Many of the race were great book collectors, fortunately for their own



A rubbing of the Rosetta Stone—page 107.



An Egyptian Official of the IV. Dynasty.  
Cast of the Wooden Statue of the  
"Sheikh of the Village"—page 136.



Fresco from a Tomb at Thebes,  
XVIII. Dynasty. A Fowling Scene—page 125.

Photos by

W. A. Mansell & Co.



times; unhappily for us, most of them were afterwards burnt.

Near these are other relics of interest in the southern part of the ground floor gallery; the cast of the tablet from Canopus, inscribed with three different kinds of writing, also the slab with Greek writing; the granite shrine, with holes for the perch of the sacred bird. Chiefest among the treasures here is the Rosetta Stone; examine it carefully. It came into the possession of the English about a hundred years ago, and scholars worked hard for many years to discover what the writing upon it meant. You will notice that there are three different kinds of writing, as on the tablet close by. That at the top is the picture writing, called hieroglyphic, which you will see on the tombs, columns and stones all round you; next is the same decree in the writing used for business and social purposes, called Demotic; both these are in the Egyptian language. The writing below this is in the Greek language, so familiar to scholars, and therefore it served as a key—with other help—to unlock the meaning of the hitherto unknown inscriptions. How little did the Greek ruler of Egypt, in B.C. 195, who ordered this decree to be written thus, think of what immense use it would be in opening out the history of the country to nations then unborn.

Leaving now the long *Egyptian Gallery* on the ground floor, we will pass on to the four Egyptian rooms at the head of the north-west staircase. In an old guide book to the British Museum, there is an account of "a" mummy. Here before you are two large rooms full of mummies and their cases, in every variety of style, according to the age to which they belong. Let us leave the very early ones for the present, and in the *Second Egyptian Room*, and examine a few of those that come from the later times.



Herodotus gives a very full account of how mummies were made, and bandaged, and decorated.

The Egyptians, through all their history, wished to preserve the bodies of their dead, hence all this care, and the use of stone coffins, and great tombs, which they hoped no one would enter and disturb. You see the picture in the corner of a mummy on a bier, and a human-headed bird hovering over its chest? That was the Egyptian idea of how a soul—the ka—revisited the body in which it had dwelt during life; and to sustain and supply all the needs of the mummy and the ka, the Egyptians buried in the tombs everything that had been used and enjoyed in life; in some cases pictures seem to answer the purpose. There are many cases here full of these things, from a handsome wig, three thousand years old, to roast ducks and toys.

Let us look around us in this *Second Egyptian Room*; here are the bodies of fellow-creatures who lived and died and were mourned on the banks of the Nile, while the early Britons were spending their lives hunting and fighting, and were burying their dead in great mounds; of all these we know not one single name! Here before us, are chiefly illustrious persons, lying in these glass cases in the light of day, for all to see, after two or three thousand years of the dark stillness of the tombs on the borders of the desert. In most cases their names and professions are painted on their wrappings or coffins; also their dates and ages, the names of their parents and their dwelling place. You will find high officials of the court and palace, priests and priestesses, musicians—you notice the cymbals lying on the body of Ankh-Hapi? We can guess at many particulars of their appearance in life, the shape of their heads, their height. In many cases they are covered with painted shrouds, on which are shown the chief gods connected with the world of the dead; you can

easily distinguish Osiris, the form of the sun-god after he had set, and the giver of eternal life; *Isis*, his wife; *Horus*, their son; *Anubis*, the jackal-headed god of the mummy chamber and of the cemetery; *Thoth*, the scribe of the gods.

As well as the painted shroud, there is often a painted portrait over the face; one of the most lifelike and interesting of these is one of a Greek settler in Egypt; this mummy comes from the Fayoum, and is of late date, being about 1700 years old. The face is a beautiful dark one; rather sad and thoughtful, with truthful-looking eyes. There is a wreath painted on the hair like those we have seen in the *Gold Room*, and on the red mummy-covering are painted in gold many scenes connected with the gods of the dead, and of the soul revisiting the body. You can find the Greek words, over the chest, which sound very tender and pathetic, and mean, "O Artemidorus, farewell."

The children, too, close by, will interest you; like their elders, they seem to be high-born. There is little Cleopatra Candace, with a comb put in amongst the bandages on the left side of her head; did a sorrowing mother put on that withered wreath? Her age is given very exactly, eleven years, one month, twenty-five days; it sounds as if they had "grudged her sair to the Land of the Leal." Another child carries a bunch of red flowers in her left hand, according to an old funeral custom; another girl is painted with a yellow tunic under a robe of red trimmed with green, and wears snake bracelets on her wrists. There is, too, six-year-old Tphous, whose short life passed during the reign of Hadrian, our wall-builder, and patron of the arts. Before leaving the *Second Room*, we must glance at the collection of Ushabtiu figures, the "answerers" to the bidding of the dead with whom they were buried. They were supposed to do the work that fell



to the share of their masters in the fields of the blessed. Notice the hoe, cord and basket many of them hold, and the endless variety in their shape, colour and material.

Passing into the *Third Egyptian Room* the eye is caught at once by the mummies of animals in the wall-cases, cats beautifully bandaged, with varying expressions, crocodiles, bulls, apes, and many others, that were held sacred in various parts of Egypt. The collection of "pillows," placed under the heads of mummies in the tombs, comes next. These hard head rests are like those used in many parts of Africa at the present time.

The models of the funeral boats close by show how the mummy was ferried across the Nile to the west bank, where most of the cemeteries were. Some of the other class of boats show the shapes and kinds of river boats belonging to different periods, and like the models of houses, barns, labourers at work, were believed to be of use to the dead beside whom they were placed. Both the boats and pillows make fine illustrations for the note-book, as do also the symbols of "life," "good luck," "stability," the "Eye of Horus," the various sceptres, and crowns, all of which and many more will be found in the tablecases on the *Fourth Egyptian Room*; many of them come from the wrappings of mummies.

The case of shoes in the *Third Room* is particularly interesting; the small wearers of the red and green leather sandals, and the fine green leather shoes, must have felt much satisfaction in possessing them; some might have fitted Cleopatra Candace and Tphous. Very dainty ladies must have owned those white leather shoes and the ones with embroidered toes.

Amongst the writing materials we have specimens of "paper," pens and ink, and school exercises in Greek, one on a wax tablet, another on a piece of pottery, consisting of lines from a Greek play, which our boys

"do" to-day. Other pieces of pottery—like broken up flower pots—shew receipts for all sorts of payments, and help us to understand life in Egypt, when the thirteen Ptolemies were kings. There were plenty of taxes evidently: here is a receipt for one on vines; another is for a land tax; a fish tax, even a poll tax. It is believed that there were about seven million people in Egypt under the Ptolemies, and nearly everything that they used or possessed was taxed, to support the law courts, the police, and the general order and comfort of the country. Many are the interesting relics in these rooms, from the times of the Ptolemies and later. There are the "Happy New Year" vases; the amusing figure of Horus dressed as a Roman soldier; jars and their seals from the wine cellars of the period; bronze figures of Egyptian and Greek gods and heroes, Aphrodite, with the head-dress of Isis; Isis, in the form of a Greek matron, nursing Horus; a bronze plaque of Pegasus, school exercises, scribbled drawings.

Turning now to the *First Vase Room*, we find early pottery from Naucratis, also ornaments and ivory work. In the familiar case of dolls and toys in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* are several treasures from Egypt, notably the rag doll, the reading exercises, and writing tablet, the lawyer's note-book, and the papyrus letter from Alexandria, asking for pure drugs.

Let us look for a moment at the faces of the Ptolemies, as shown on their coins, especially comparing that of Cleopatra with her bust in the *Hall of Inscriptions*.

It has been said that no country in the world has written so many, or such good books as Greece; we have already seen how the Ptolemies collected these books, and that thousands of them have perished. Still, rich treasures of Greek manuscripts are being discovered year by year, chiefly in Egypt, and often hidden in tombs, beside the mummies. Some of these are shewn in the case



near the middle of the *Manuscript Room*, headed "Greek manuscripts." Many of them are either the only known copies of ancient writers, or the earliest copies that have yet been found. You will see some familiar names, amongst them a poem of Sappho, and copies of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; it would be hard to gather the well-known stories from the fragments of papyrus before us. Then there is a part of Psalm XII., described as one of the earliest manuscripts of any portion of the Bible known to be in existence.

The petition from the old recluse at Memphis, complaining of the Egyptians assaulting him because he was a Greek, makes one feel that the two nationalities did not always get on together in B.C. 161. There are other complaints of injuries, and many census returns, and records of loans of all kinds, and receipts for payments of lands and olive yards, as well as demands to furnish soldiers to help in collecting "imperial dues," and a request to send a boat to convey sailors and workmen. The certificates granted to labourers to say that they had performed the required five days' work on the embankment, with the exact date, August 2, A.D. 49, helps us to realise the constant effort to arrange for the inundation, and to make the most of its benefits. This is one of the great difficulties in Egypt now, and the more it is understood how to store up and distribute the precious water, the more fertile and prosperous will the country become.

It has been well said that "it is the shadow of Rome, which ever lengthening towards the East, marked, stage by stage, the history of the decline of Egypt under the Ptolemies."

You remember the tragedy of the end? Perhaps you have seen the play of "Antony and Cleopatra" and felt sorrow at the neglect of duty by the Roman general, his

despair and death, and the passing, when all was lost, of the great Queen, to whom Tennyson gives these words:

"I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found  
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,  
A name for ever!—"

Just after the middle of the first century B.C., will you write, "Julius Caesar in Egypt"; then, "The library of Alexandria burnt"; then, "Egypt made a Roman province." As you look back, and then forwards, you will see that this was about a hundred years after Greece fell before the world-conquerors, and about a hundred years before Claudius set the seal on his soldiers' success in Britain.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

*Guide to the Egyptian Collections in the British Museum*, 1/-.

*Guide to the Egyptian Galleries (Sculpture)*, 1/-.

*Guide to the Manuscripts, Charters and Seals*, 6d.

*The Story of Egypt*, Rawlinson.



# CHAPTER VIII.

## EGYPT.

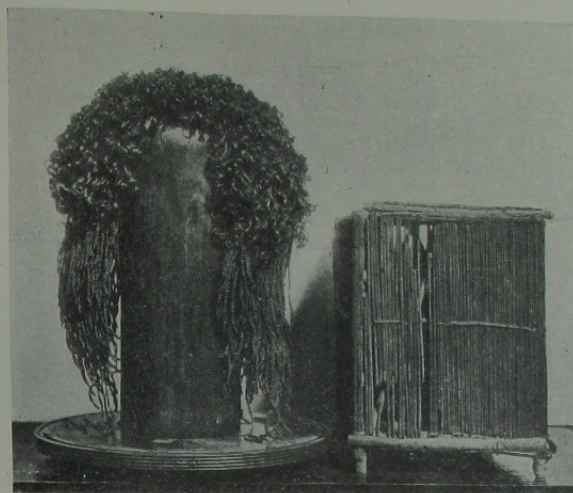
### PART II.

#### "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

CAN you imagine a lighthouse three times as high as the Monument? The Great Pharos set up by the second Ptolemy is said to have been about that height; be this as it may—and it was one of the wonders of the world—for long centuries the flare has been extinguished which once guided the ships of the learned Greeks, the rich merchants, the poor fishermen, safely into the double harbour of Alexandria. Moreover, of the huge tower itself not a trace remains.

But this same Ptolemy did succeed in sending beams of light along the centuries, which will never be quenched, for it was he who caused the Hebrew Scriptures, our Old Testament, to be translated from the original and difficult language, understood by comparatively few, into Greek—a tongue destined to be carried far and wide, and to become the chief study of thoughtful scholars.

Another light-giving work of this same king was his plan of setting an Egyptian priest and scribe who had had a good Greek education, to write a history of Egypt and her religion in Greek. Now, the actual records that Manetho put together from the information he could glean all over the country (does this make you think of our Venerable Bede?) have disappeared as completely as the stones that built up Ptolemy's tower on the little island. Fortunately

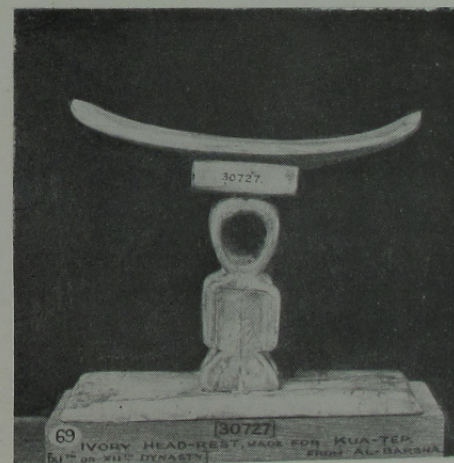


(a) Wig, probably for a lady, found near the small Temple of Isis, at Thebes.

(b) Box made for holding Wig — page 108.



Egyptian wooden and bronze dolls, fish toy, reed ball stuffed, draughtsmen—page 125.



Ivory head-rest of Kua-tep—page 133.



Unbaked clay brick stamped with the name of Rameses II.—page 125.

Photos by

W. A. Mansell & Co.



other writers, who lived not very long after his times, have copied from his works, and so we get, amongst other details, lists of kings, and particulars of their reigns, which help to light the great and long past on the banks of the Nile.

On these banks themselves, as we have already seen, we have a direct message from the Pharaohs to later days, for it was they who ordered the inscriptions and pictures to be cut on the walls and columns of tombs and temples, which we can read and enjoy to-day. Think of this as you walk through the long *Egyptian Gallery*, past the Rosetta stone and other reminders of the Greek kings of Egypt, onwards to the relics of earlier times. You will perhaps notice first the lists of kings' names, standing out in new red, from the old granite slabs of Bubastis, and also the lists from the fragments from Abydos. From these, and from many named monuments close by, it is easy to see how the royal names are always written in what looks like oval loops of knotted rope, cartouches, to keep them, as it were, apart from common things. A little study, guide-book in hand, will show how often certain signs are repeated; take for instance those that stand for *Ra*, *ka*, *nefer*, *mer*; you will find the translation quite easy.

Besides the bare lists, there are the illustrated stories of the lives and greatness of the kings of the "Double House," inscribed on the columns, tablets, statues, all round us, also on the walls of Temples as shown in the stands of photographs.

We hope that the warm dry sands of Egypt still cover in safety many inscriptions that will throw yet more light on this dim past, for there are many blanks—many empty century pages—and much uncertainty as to dates. There is also much difference of opinion amongst those who study the matter, and who try to fit in the records of the



other ancient peoples who were their neighbours beyond the Isthmus of Suez.

No doubt you have seen a model or pictures of the modern canal cut across this isthmus, with the electric lights on the banks, and have realised from the descriptions of those who have steamed through it on their way to or from the Far East, the wonders of the narrow channel, now marked out by floating buoys on the lakes through which it passes, now cut through rock, or stony desert.

As we stand before the map in the centre of the gallery, we see how protected Egypt was on the east by the Red Sea, and how the hundred miles of country between it and the Mediterranean were as a causeway between the continents of Asia and Africa.

There is a broad stony plateau between two of the lakes used by the canal in its passage, which cost much labour to cut through. The old, old name of this plateau is, the Bridge of Nations, for it was here that the huge armies from either side trampled across between East and West, now in the pride of victory, now in the bitterness of defeat.

We will look more closely at these armies later; for the moment let us call to mind from the number of other travellers who have crossed this highway, through the ages, four very familiar and central figures.

The first scene takes us to (perhaps) the eighteenth or seventeenth century B.C. A caravan of wild looking traders, with camels bearing the spices to Egypt so much needed in making mummies, are crossing the Isthmus, and in their train is a handsome lad, torn from his tenderly attached father, sold by his brothers to these traders, with nothing but slavery before him in an unknown country. Sad must his eyes have been, and hard his thoughts, as he passed through this dreary land of rocky desert and Bitter Lakes.

The second scene, equally familiar, belongs to some twenty years later. We see a company of about seventy people, men, women and children; led by an old man, in whose eyes burn a trembling joy and excitement. He is greatly honoured and cared for by the strong sons around him, and all are thankful when the long dusty journey—some of the party are in waggons, a new, exciting experience for the children, some are on foot; asses bearing loads to be urged on, slow going sheep and cattle to be kept together—at last comes to an end in the green fertile country on the nearest side of the Delta. Who welcomed them?

In the third picture, we see a long mournful procession, wending its way towards the land whence the old man and his family came years before. He has seen the desire of his eyes, and has died, charging his sons to bury him with his fathers. The sounds of wailing and sorrow come to us as we watch the chief mourners and the friends who have come with them to do them honour, as they pass over the Bridge of Nations with the stately ceremonial of the times and the country.

The last picture belongs to a time some four hundred years later, in the fourteenth or thirteenth century, and is in sharp contrast with the solemn funeral procession we saw passing across the Isthmus. Now all is confusion, haste, terror, as a great crowd of men and women and little ones, presses to escape from the land to which their forefathers had come in so much hope. A great leader soothes and encourages, and organises the flight; in every breeze and distant cloud of dust they seem to hear and see the dreaded chariot wheels and thud of the horses' hoofs, the rattle of the horsemen, and their mocking shouts; will they overtake and kill them, or lead them back to the hard life they could no longer endure? You know the end; next morning when the golden sun rose above the haze on



the desert hills, it looked down on the pursued safely encamped beyond the water that had barred their way the night before; and on the pursuers all drowned and overwhelmed in their attempt to follow them.

Will you enter Joseph's name in the middle of the eighteenth century of your book, Jacob's towards the end of the same century, and, the Exodus led by Moses, towards the end of the fourteenth century?

That Hyksos sphinx can be sketched in Joseph's page; the human face of the heavy beast is believed to give the cast of features which belonged to the rulers of Egypt at this time. The Shepherd or Hyksos kings were foreigners, without the prejudices of the native Egyptians for those who tended cattle; hence the warm welcome to Joseph's shepherd relations. These Hyksos kings rather destroyed monuments than made them, so there are very few memorials to represent them in any museum. For vivid touches of the life of their courts, how they conducted business, how they could reward faithful service, we must turn to the story of Joseph and the settlement in Egypt of his father and brothers.

Most things changed so little in Egypt from century to century that we may well borrow some of those belonging to an earlier or later date, for a background to our picture of the Hyksos times. Can you see Joseph, sitting on the ground reading from a papyrus roll, to his master, as thousands of scribes did before and after his time? Is it details of the storing of the wheat that so absorb him and Apepi, supposed to be the Pharaoh who trusted to his advice as he would to his own father's? Apepi, seated on a throne like that in the *Fourth Egyptian Room*, sometimes said to have belonged to Queen Hatshepsu, is arrayed in fine white linen, with handsome necklaces like those in the cases near by, and wears a wig like that fine one all curls and tiny plaits, under the folds of his royal

head-dress. You can find an ivory sceptre to put in his hand, furniture to set about the palace.

The model of the Granary in the case of toys, gives some idea of the storing and sealing up of the bins as filled, and those baskets in the wallcase remind one of the dream of the hapless chief baker.

Those country scenes painted on the walls of tombs—inspection of cattle and geese, as seen in the *Third Egyptian Room*—were everyday sights for centuries in Egypt, as were also the entertainments, indoors and out, the visits of foreigners.

You can find Apepi's names amongst the scarabs (the form of the sacred beetle) in the *Fourth Room*, also those of his successors will interest you, some being otherwise unknown to history, others of great renown. Shall we take just a few of these names from the scarabs? Thothmes III., Queen Hatshepsu, Amen-ophis III. and IV., Seti I., Rameses II., Meneptah or Mer-en-ptah. They were all makers of Egyptian history during the centuries in which the Children of Israel lived in the House of Bondage.

The names may seem difficult at first, but if you can find and remember the meanings, that is a great help; Hat-shep-su means, in front of, or before, nobles; Mer-en-ptah, the beloved of Ptah; other gods Amen, Thoth, Ra, are to be found in the other names. It will interest you to find these names as you study the monuments and copy them into the century to which they belong. You will soon discover how often a later king erased the name of an earlier one, and carved his own in its place.

For sometime all went well with the clan; they tended their cattle and prospered in the pleasant land of Goshen by the Delta. Then there arose kings "who knew not Joseph"; forgotten was the story of his devotion to the



country, and the way in which he saved it during the dreadful famine years, and finally hard labour and bitter cruelty became the lot of these Hebrew dwellers in the land.

Look again at the head of Thothmes III., in the lower gallery, his name you have already in your book with a sketch of his famous obelisk, now on the Thames Embankment; he was as great a warrior as he was a builder (do you see his Stele with the Goddess Hathor, Lady of the Turquoise Land?) and he was one of the first Pharaohs to lead armies across the Bridge of Nations, and conquer the powerful nations beyond, both in the valley of the Great Rivers, and in the mountains of Syria.

Of his renowned sister, who has been called the Queen Elizabeth of Egypt, we have but few memorials in the Museum, beyond the models of her obelisks, the foundation deposits from her great temple—those brushes look as if they could still be used—some scarabs, gold rings and vases. As Elizabeth sent fleets to discover unknown countries, so did Queen Hatshepsu send expeditions to the land of Punt, down the Red Sea, and interesting indeed is the account she has left of the results, on the walls of the superb temple she built near Thebes.\* We have there pictures of the Queen of Punt, her donkey, and the endless beautiful and wonderful things that came back in the ships. Her portrait is very charming (her mother's even more so) although she did try to make herself look as much like a man as possible.

But we must pass on to the next great name, Amenophis or Amen-hetep III. Here again we have heads of colossal statues, also lions, tablets and sculptures of every kind. The photograph of the Temple at Luxor of

\* See accounts of the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari, published by the Egypt Exploration Fund.

this king, helps us to "imagine" these objects in their places; how beautiful are the pillars with palm leaf and lotus but capitals! This king, too, was the builder of those two Colossi you see in the photograph so framed throughout history; see how small the man and the donkey look at the base, of the nearest one. Perhaps you noticed the large historical scarabs of this king? One to keep in mind his prowess in killing a hundred and two fierce lions in ten years; another of these scarabs tells of his interesting wife, who came from a far country and was so dutiful to her parents, and who strongly influenced her son to give up the worship of his fathers, for adoration of the Sun's rays.

There are casts in the Museum from wall pictures of this king Amenophis IV. or Khu-en-aten as he preferred to call himself—Splendour of the Sun-disk; the religion took no hold of the country, and many of the monuments of the "heretic" king were cast down and defaced by the priests of the older gods.

And now we come to the century in which we have written the Exodus, the fourteenth B.C. There are more monuments of this time in the Museum perhaps than of all the rest put together. Look around you in the *Central Saloon*; you see the names of Seti and Rameses over and over again, huge heads, statues, columns, tablets, seated and kneeling figures, in hard stone or granite and also wooden figures. You will have already noticed the giant head from the north-west staircase, and can place it in front of the temple in Nubia with its three equally large companions, the photograph being on the stand. You will find there too, photographs of other temples built by these kings; Seti's Hall of Columns, the Ramesseum, and other great ruins of Karnak and Luxor; on the walls and columns are inscriptions telling the names and deeds of the various kings who founded, added to, or repaired,



these magnificent buildings in honour of the great god, Amen-Ra. Many of the mummies in the *First Egyptian Room* are of priests and priestesses of Amen. While examining the beautifully painted coffins and covers we get glimpses of the dark and solemn mystery of their worship, and the multitude of gods whom they revered. Notice how often the mother goddess, Nut of the night sky, is painted as if stretching out her arms to protect her faithful servant; how Osiris, Isis, Horus, Anubis, Thoth, occur again and again.

Above the mummy cases, and also on the walls of the *Second Room*, run enlarged copies of some of the chapters of the Book of the Dead. You can also study the fac-simile of the papyrus itself as made for the scribe Ani, probably about the sixteenth or fifteenth centuries, on the stands in the *Third Room*. All through Egyptian history, it was the custom to write parts of this book on the tombs, or the coffins, or on rolls to put on or near the mummies, to serve as passports or reminders in some way for the soul on its journey in the underworld. This copy made for Ani, is one of the longest known of the period. Read his titles, "Veritable royal scribe, scribe and accountant of the divine offerings of all the gods, the governor of the granary of the Lords of Abydos, scribe of the divine offerings of the lords of Thebes"; he must have been an important and hardworked man, and according to the picture before us, his labours and anxieties by no means ended with death. See, for instance, the critical moment when the heart of the dead man is being weighed against the feather of the law; will the result satisfy the scribe-god, that Ani may proceed on his way to Osiris, or will an end be made of him by the Devourer ready waiting? Think, too, of the strain of giving the right answers to all those doorkeepers, and of making the ushabti figure work in the underworld.



The Judgment Scene. From the facsimile of the papyrus inscribed with The Book of the Dead for Ani—page 122.



Mummy of Artemidorus, enclosed in a red plaster case—page 109.



Ushabtiu figures made for Seti I., King of Egypt—page 103.



A mummied cat—page 110.

Photos by

W. A. Mansell & Co.



You remember these little "answerers," buried with the mummy for this purpose. You will find it well worth while to go carefully along the two stands, reading the descriptions given; many and delightful illustrations for your note-book will tempt you to linger by the way; such as designs of the signs of life and stability with the sceptre of power; rows of serpents sitting on their tails; lotus flowers in every beautiful variety. What suggestions you can find here for your needle as well as your brush! Do not miss the ladder by which the soul visited the mummy, the lovely fields of peace watered by streams, the two-legged serpents, the conceited-looking Ram, the lions named Yesterday and The Morrow, sitting back to back. Every time you visit the collections, spend a little while on the Book of the Dead; you will discover something fresh and interesting every time, to fit in with your knowledge as it grows. For instance, you will notice perhaps that Ani is often accompanied by his wife Thu-thu, holding the sistrum of a priestess in her hand. Now, on the floor of the case of furniture from which we borrowed for Apepi's palace, there is a square box with compartments, inscribed with her name. Look inside, there is a pair of dainty pink kid slippers turned up with pointed toes, and some red elbow mats for the fine lady! Also there are bottles of toilet preparations for the skin, and most wonderful of all, a double tube with an ivory and a wooden stick to apply the contents of the tubes to the eyes. Egypt has always been a country trying to the eyes, and here Thu-thu, three thousand years ago, has one powder to apply during the inundation, and another to be used in hot weather against the sand and dust.

Or again, you have noticed in the Book of the Dead, Ani playing draughts, Thu-thu sits behind and appears to be only watching. Now underneath the throne chair that may have been Queen Hatshepsu's there is a



beautiful draught box, and on the winning square you can see the sign for good luck.

Besides the enlarged scenes from the Book of the Dead, you will find on the walls of the upper rooms pictures which illustrate the wars of the kings Seti and Rameses. There is quite a touching scene in the *Third Room*; a quiet Nubian village suddenly disturbed; one man runs away, another hides in a tree, while the women with children intercedes with the king's soldiers before her hut. Many of the details as to fortresses, chariots, tribute, are very interesting; amongst the latter, giraffes and ostriches! Opposite are records of the great wars with the Khita—very deadly and hated enemies of Seti and Rameses, beyond the Bridge of Nations.

Great builders and warriors were these kings; but what made it possible for them to attain this fame? The lives and hard labour of thousands of soldiers and workmen. Think especially of the labour needed from sunrise to sun-set, to rear all these temples, and to provide for all the luxury of the gorgeous times, to build the great store cities in the Delta, the immense wall across the Isthmus for defence (you remember the Roman walls in Britain?) besides the always-needed attention to the embankments and the canals, and the tilling of the fields. The thought of all this hard labour is pressed home by the names and offices of those servants of the Pharaohs, which we can read on the stelæ along the walls of the galleries; here are judges, princes and governors, scribes, chancellors, naval and military officers, superintendents and overseers of every trade, of the palace, of public works, even the chief runner and messenger of the king is remembered. What an insight we gain into the organisation and bitter life of the times, "bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick," and of the pressing need for thousands of "hands" to carry out the work, hands to

use those tools of every description in the *Third Room* (some are models, but the wooden mallets were accidentally left by the workmen) hands to work in the quarries, and move material as directed by the architects and artists, hands to make and place those bricks in the *Fourth Room*. Do you see the brick with the straw so much in evidence stamped with the name of the Pharaoh, Rameses II.? It is he who is believed to have been the great oppressor who issued the cruel order to drown the baby boys. It would then be his daughter who rescued and brought up Moses, and had him educated in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

As you look round the cases in the *Third* and *Fourth Rooms*, let their contents help you to imagine how those years may have been spent. Did the little boy when he first came to the palace from his own mother, play with other children, perhaps in a delightful garden like that one with the pond full of ducks and fish? Were their toys such as those in the case? Sketch the cat with moveable jaw, the spotted cow, the little rider who sits up so straight on his elephant, and the wooden doll with clay beads for hair.

Did the child hear music? surely it must have been of a very tinkling kind, from instruments such as those in the case; cymbals, sistra, flutes and harps? The harps and sistra make good illustrations, the tortoise-shell pierced for strings will remind you of the wily Babe Hermes.

Surely Moses must have enjoyed going in boats on the river, like the child in the picnic party where the father is fowling, the mother gathering flowers, the cat retrieving the birds, three at a time.

Later on he must have learned to write. One would think, with reed pens, red and black paint, palettes and



papyrus, such as one sees in the case below the trial sketches and scale models of the pupils.

There were poems, maxims, stories for him to read, besides extracts from the Book of the Dead. Had he perhaps to learn by heart that chapter cxxv., in which is the list of the forty-two offences which must not be committed? It seems likely when one compares some of them with the Ten Commandments. As one looks at the cases of sacred animals, and the multitude of images of gods and animals used as objects of reverence, one can well understand the necessity for the solemn setting forth of the first and second commandments to the Hebrews. X

And now, would you see even more plainly that the faces and forms set in hard stone can show you, what manner of men these awe-inspiring Pharaohs, Seti and Rameses, really were? What was the shape of their faces and heads, of their noses and chins? Then you must look at the photograph of their mummies by the door of the *First Room*; to realise that they are thirty centuries old, turn over the leaves of your note-book and you will see that it is even more, and that as you study Rameses you may be looking at the face of the man in whose palace the great leader of the Hebrews was brought up.

And now we have come to the last picture of the four we called to mind. On our way back to the scarabs to find that of Rameses' son Mer-en-ptah, believed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus, a glance at the cases of gold rings and ornaments, at the metal mirrors and other treasures will remind us of the "spoiling of the Egyptians," and the use to which they were afterwards put. As we go down the staircase, our minds will be full of the stories of the ten plagues, and the haunting air of "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," and the picture will rise before us of the weak undecided tyrant—he who ordered the Israelites to find the neces-

sary straw and yet make the same excessive number of bricks—with his son dead across his knees, surrounded by the praying priests, the powerless doctor, the heart-broken mother; and Moses and Aaron coming in with the light of dawn through the doorway. You will find Mer-en-ptah's name again on the beautiful reed column set up by Amen-hetep III., that and the palm leaf column will make fine illustrations for your book; as you draw you will think of the riverside that suggested the ideas to the artists who fashioned them, and will "see" the colours, bright gold and deep purple, which lay in sunshine and shadow on the buildings they once adorned.



61 p143cmc 119

## CHAPTER IX.

### EGYPT.

#### PART III.

"How great the perspective! Nations, times, systems, enter and disappear, like threads in tapestry of large figure and many colours."

PERHAPS you know the pleasure of walking leisurely up and down, up and down, a soft mossy path in a garden amongst the hills; you turn and gaze, turn and gaze, and so, different views of the opening valleys, of the blue distance, of the woods and waterfalls, burst upon your delighted eyes, as you pass and re-pass them.

It is somewhat in this fashion, not in the course of a quick direct walk to the distant point, that we are looking at the view into the far past, as unfolded in the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. The view is too vast, too distant, too full of wonders, for us to be able to take it in, as a whole, at one glance, or in one turn, or in one walk of many turns; indeed, as our eyes grow stronger with use, we distinguish more and more of what there is to see, till we realise that one lifetime is not long enough in which to discover all the interest, all the beauty, that lies before us.

So far, the treasures in the Museum have helped us to get, first, a glimpse of life in Egypt as it was in the days of the Greek Ptolemies, in those centuries just before the Birth of Christ, when the history of ancient Egypt was nearing its end—in fact the last native kings were already

dead and gone—and the history of our own country was about to begin.

Next we found much to interest us in the relics from a period of four or five centuries, about the middle of the long history of the country, the times of Israel in Egypt, so familiar to us all in Bible story. During those years a family grew into a nation; that nation still holds together, though it is spread all over the world, and still honours the laws given to it, on passing out of the House of Bondage over three thousand years ago.

We have made many sketches in our note-books to illustrate these two periods, the fourth to the first century, and the eighteenth to the fourteenth century, B.C., always bearing in mind that the earlier dates are very uncertain, and that some day we hope the explorers who spend each winter in Egypt, may discover some of the missing chapters of the long history. As you cut out from the papers accounts of precious "finds" to paste in your book, try to realise the manner of the finding amidst suffocating clouds of dust and sand dislodged by the diggers; the heat; the anxiety in looking after the men, that nothing be broken or stolen; often "very curious things to eat"; the disappointment there often is, in digging without result, as well as the intense pleasure of success. If the discoveries prove us to be centuries too early or too late in our entries, then we can sew in fresh pages in our note-books, and re-adjust the names and sketches.

Now when Joseph made that sad journey to Egypt to be sold as a slave, may he have had some little idea of the country to which he was going, through stories that his father Jacob, had had from his father Isaac, who in turn had heard them from his father Abraham? For "Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land." He, and his followers



met with a kind reception, and settled down for a while in or near, perhaps, to the great capital of Memphis, not far from the land of Goshen, where his descendants lived later. Abraham had seen great cities in his youth, but for years had been moving about in tents; so what a change must have been life on the busy Nile, under the shadow of the great buildings, and surrounded by the luxury and pomp of the times, after the constant moving on across wide stretches of lonely country, and the long, quiet, watchful nights under the starry sky!

One wishes one knew the name and face of the Pharaoh, his host, who was so kind and magnanimous to him.

It is believed by many scholars that Abraham visited Egypt towards the close of a very brilliant time, somewhat later than the great XII. dynasty. Look around you in the *Northern Gallery* on the ground floor. You will notice how many kings there are whose names are Amen-em-hat and Usertsen, and their century is given as the twenty-fourth. They were not only famous warriors, but wise rulers and builders. The third Amen-em-hat engineered the great lake called afterwards Mœris, in the Fayoum, the lotus bud we drew for the Nile-lily. He connected it with the river by a canal piercing the hills which was fitted with sluice-gates, so that the surplus waters of the inundation could be stored there for use as needed. Herodotus describes the lake, and the great building on its shores, which he thought even more wonderful than the Pyramids.

Tablets and statues of the servants of these great Pharaohs of the twenty-fourth and twenty-third centuries, B.C., stand all round them in the *Northern Gallery*. One can well understand that officials of every kind would be needed to help in the government of the kingdom and to superintend the great works.

The tombs of this time are particularly interesting, especially those cut out of the living rock. There is a photograph of one at Beni-hasen, on the stand. Do those straight plain columns remind you of some that you have already seen in a country the other side of the Great Sea? If not, refresh your memory with a glance at the model of the Parthenon, and at the great Doric capital of that Temple, which comes from so many centuries later, and is believed to reproduce traces of this very early proto, or first, Doric style.

On the walls of these rock-tombs are most interesting pictures of the life and customs of the times of the Usertsens and Amen-em-hats. Look at the one near the end of the *Northern Gallery* from Al-Barsha showing the funeral procession of Tehuti-hetep. There are his servants carrying his litter on poles, and various other things the great man used in life, and is supposed to need in the under-world.

A very faithful friend follows—on four feet; his name is written above his collar; look closely, there is the sign of life you know so well, called “ankh,” and a bird which stands for “u.” Whether Ankh-u would have pricked up those sharp ears of his, if we thus pronounced his name in calling him, is another matter. For no one now knows how the Egyptian language was sounded; the lips of the last who spoke it, have been still for centuries.

Next to it, from the same tomb, comes the picture of the peasants sowing corn—can you use your left hand so deftly? others are ploughing, the patient cattle looking out from the corner. The hoe in the hands of one of the labourers is of the same pattern as those in the cases upstairs, and this scene, as well as the pictures of much later times that we know already, of the inspection of geese and cattle, brings vividly to our minds the farming



that has been going on in Egypt for thousands of years, in much the same fashion from generation to generation. The millions of workers who, through the ages, raised the great monuments, attended to the embankments, made the canals and kept them in order, and laboured from sun-rise to sun-set in the fertile fields, all had mouths which must be fed with bread of some kind; fruitful Egypt, too, seemed generally to have enough to spare for a starving neighbour. On other tomb walls about this date, we see pictures of travellers from beyond the Bridge of Nations, led by their chiefs, bringing presents of various things valued by the Egyptians. The children of the party ride on asses, and all have bright and many coloured clothes. Generally these visitors came like Abraham, on account of famine, but so many stayed, that at last much of the Delta lands was occupied by them, which fact made it easy later on, for great hordes of their kindred folk to pour into Egypt, and master it for a while; these were the Hyksos kings, in whose time we place Joseph's eventful and brilliant career and the settlement of his family in Egypt.

But we have not yet done with the tombs of the XI and XII. dynasties. On the landing, at the top of the *North West* staircase, are two huge outer coffins from Al-Barsha. One was made for Sen, an overseer of the palace of the king, the other for another high official called Kuatēp. The ornamentations are much the same on both, and in the rows of large blue green hieroglyphs, which form panels as it were, we can easily recognise those we already know. They contain prayers for a happy burial, and for abundance of funeral offerings. The two eyes of Horus, Utchats, stand out distinct, to give eternal protection to the deceased by the sky-god. Inside the coffins are painted chapters of early copies of the Book of the Dead.

The inner coffins of Sen and Kuatēp which fitted into these, are in the *First Room*, and are beautifully painted, in much the same fashion, both inside and out. Further, in the *Third Room*, amongst other treasures you can find some of the funeral furniture belonging to Kuatēp; the beautiful ivory head rest and the funeral boat will make good illustrations for the period: there is a wooden statue of the great man, and a group of butchers at work. Close by, too, you will find the scarab and cylinder seals with the names of Usertsen and Amen-em-hat, also some vases from the fine collection in the wall cases, to illustrate the shapes used from the twenty-sixth to the twentieth centuries B.C. One of the vases has a linen cover, the fragments of the cord with which it was tied, are beside it. In the *Third Room* are the models of labourers' houses; you can find two or three of two stories, and a hut, in which to imagine those sowers and ploughmen in the pictures below, sleeping when night came at length. These models are also called Soul Houses, and were put near the tombs as a shelter for the souls when they came to receive offerings. In the same room you will also find portraits of the great Amen-em-hat, who dug out Lake Mœris, and built the huge labyrinth so admired by Herodotus perhaps two thousand years later. You can also pick out many of the officials of the times of the XI., XII., and XIII. dynasties; especially notice the one whose beard of precious metal (gold or electrum) was fastened under the chin by pegs; in life these false beards were often fastened by straps behind the ears.

Some scholars think that the great Sphinx belongs to the time of these dynasties, and that the human face of the huge beast bears a family likeness to their kings. As you look at the photograph on the stand, you will try to fit on the part of the beard, and of the serpent from



the head-dress, that you see in the cases in the *Vestibule* and also try to clear away in imagination the sand which now buries the sphinx up to the chest. It has been done actually several times in the course of years, and then is seen a great body that could scarcely be got into the drum below the dome of St. Paul's; when the sand is removed a chapel between the front paws is exposed, and the height from the pavement to the top of the sacred serpent is shown to be as great as that of a tall house. The monster is hewn out of the living rock, to glorify the Pharaoh of the time by commemorating his oneness with the God of the Horizon, as well as his greatness of brain, as shown by the man's head (possibly giving his portrait, though that is hard to distinguish now) united to the strength and power of a lion's body.

The swirling sandstorms, constant and biting as their attacks have been through the centuries, have done less damage to the majestic face, once described as "winning and beautiful," than the hand of man. It is strange to think that what some men so revered other later ones did their best to destroy. Can you forgive the soldiers who made a shooting target of it?

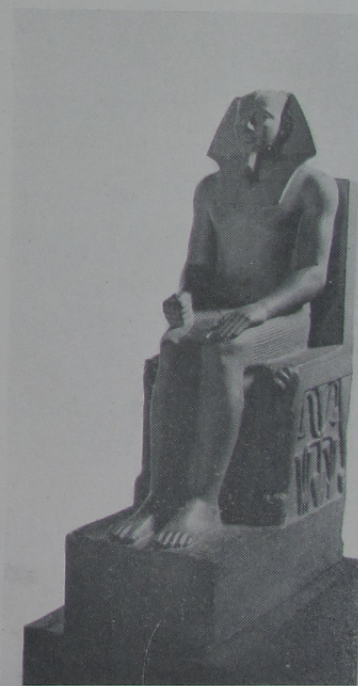
A short camel ride over the sand will take you to the Pyramids, over which the Sphinx seems to keep unwearied watch and guard; some scholars think the Sphinx is as old, or older than the Pyramids. You have already sketched these great tombs in outline in the thirty-seventh century B.C., though here again the date may be much earlier. How the perspective of the years is lengthening! turn over slowly the leaves of your book, backwards from the Birth of Christ, past the years of the Ptolemies in Egypt, and the beautiful times in Greece; past the age of the great Pharaohs, Seti and Rameses; past the days of the Amen-em-hats and Usertsens, and then pause for a while about the thirty-seventh century page.



Head of a Colossal Statue of Thothmes III.,  
King of Egypt. Karnak—page 120.



Upper portion of a Statue of Rameses II.  
—page 121.



Cast of a stone-seated figure of Khaf-ra,  
King of Egypt, and builder of the Second  
Pyramid of Gizeh. Original in the Cairo  
Museum—page 136.